The practise of the Diuell.

The auncient poiſoned practiſes of the Diuell, in his Papiſtes, againſt the true profeſſors of Gods holy worde, in theſe our latter dayes.

Newlie ſet forth by L. Ramſey.

Pro. 3.

¶ Withdraw no good thing from them that haue neede, ſo long as thine hand is hable to doe it.

Iames. 4.

¶ Therfore to him that knoweth how to doe good, and doth it not, to him it is ſinne.

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t. p. 204 t — 316 t

¶ The Preface to the earneſt, and louing Readers.

*Athan, the auncient e-*nimie to all mankinde (louing and gentle Reader) hath euer ſince the beginning ſought by all meanes poſsible, to obſcure by his practiſes and policies, the pure and true light of the Goſpell, and hath (almoſt) by his ſubtile inuentions, infected and corrupted the whole worlde, with the ſinke of all iniquitie. His malice is ſo great towards the eternall deitie, that he tranſformeth himſelfe into diuers & ſundry ſhapes, that he might craftely inſinuate him ſelfe, with his viperous villanous blaſphemies, into the heartes of all men. Some, by monſterous and prodigious meanes: as by VVitcherie, Sorcerie, and Magick, and ſuch like knaueries. Some waves by flatterie and diſsimulation: ſome way by Hypocriſie, which is, when he tranſformeth himſelfe to be an Angell of lyght: and ſo incorporateth him ſelfe with all maner of Sectes, as the peſtilent Pelagians, Arrians, and Anabapriſtes, beſides Atheiſts, & Papiſts, who eſpecially are, and haue bene his moſt neceſſary inſtruments: ſince his ſetting at lybertie out of the bottomles pitte. *Apoc. 20* Now ſtampes he, now ſtares he, to ſee his malignaunt ſonne the Pope, with all his Superſtitions, and Traditions abandoned. This noble Realme of Englande illu-

minated, and him ſelfe decyphered, by the infallyble woorde of God: he nowe (I ſaye) doubles & tryples his inuentions, (as by the ſequell ſhall appeare) twentie tymes tenne folde, to ſubuert and ouerthrowe the true profeſſours of the ſame. VV herefore, as in a myrrour, I delyuer this vnto thee, (gentle and looking Reader) manifeſting by this my emulation, moſt of his leger demaynes, againſt God, and our lawfull Kings and Gouernors.

Farewell.

L. Ramſey.

The Practise of the Diuell.

IAthan most curled, and childe of perdition,
Enuy hate and malice, the tyme that is present:
Spytefully complayning, in euery condition,
Against all the world, and all States resident:
For putting downe the Pope, my Vicar superintendent,
Oh England, England, thou bringest me in a rage,
By Preaching true Doctrine, in this thy latter age.

¶ But seing that from Heauen, for pride I was cast,
Downe into the Helles, in paines perpetuall:
Assure then your selues, as long as tyme shall last,
Like a roring Lyon, and Tiger tyrannycall:
I will poyson your hearts, with sectes diabolicall,
With Atheists, with Papists, with Epicures and Scribes,
As Caine and Beniamyne, were horror to the Tribes.

¶ I will rayse vp Sedicion, Lust and selfe Loue,
Wylfulnesse and Ignorance, and carnall affection:
That God and all Veritie, I will seke to reproue,
Peuerting their mindes, to diuelish subiection:
By slaundering and lying, to breede such infection,
That all honest meaning, both of young and olde,
Shall cleane be peruerted, and voide of all holde.

¶ Anabaptists and Arrians, shall euery where associate,
Pelagians and Libertines, in lyke shall beare a sway:
Vsurers and dissemblers, by clusters shall accumulate,
That none shall trust other, afore the latter day:
Treason, theft, and murder, shall one an other slay.
By Magick and Witchery, I mynde you so to trouble,
That one sinne afore, shall nowe be ten double.

Parasites and Flatterers, I wyll make so to abound,
That Truethshalbe defaced, and stand alofe behinde:
Auarice and Couetousnesse, shall compasse euerie ground,
That fewe shall haue credite, freendship to finde,
Wauerers and Neuters shall houer in the winde,
That Sycophants and brablers, preheminence shall haue,
To predicate and iudicate, before the wyse and graue.

¶ Hypocrisie, I knowe my Childe to be assured,
To lyue in all Ages, he hath Wit sufficient:
In all kindes of Religion, he is well inured,
A Doctor in all Artes, to propone an argument:
Square Cappe and Wrapper, the fellowe shalbe decent,
To crepe in among them, his practises to endeuer,
That I the Diuell his father, may ertoll him for euer.

¶ Blasphemy and Periurie, shalbe mates for the rout,
Flatterie and lying, shalbe counted great curtesie:
With Whoredome, I wyll infect the worlde throughout,
And that shalbe Loue, cloked with great honestie,
Dronkennesse & Gluttony, shalbe counted great temperancy.
Couetousnesse Wisdome, Wantonnesse but Youth,
These are my practises, to blot & dym the Trueth.

Infamie and slaunder, shall runne from place to place,
Against Gods Preachers, & professors of the same:
Terming them Puritans, if ought they haue of Grace,
Exclayming of theyr lyberties, to hinder theyr good name:
All that euer is right, I wyll bring out of frame.
For the malice I beare, to England at this season,
I wyll styrre vp vnspeakable, diuers kindes of Treason.

¶ By Magicke and Sorcerie, such practise I wyll worke,
Respecting no degree, if of God he do smell:
More cruell then the Tiger, more diuelishe then the Turke,
More madder then Saule, more vyle then Iezabell:
More stubborne then Pharao, more false then Achytophell.
More traytor then Iudas, more vnnaturall then Caine,
More villaine then Absalon, which by Ioab was slaine.

More

¶More tyraunt then Antyochus, or any of his kinde,
As Herode or Nero, that tyraunt most odious:
With Phalaris and Domician, with thousands I could finde,
That to God in this worlde, haue bene most opprobrious:
But yet in respect of thy minde malicious,
They are all but counterfeyts, to that which I intende,
For the spyte that I beare, to the world in th'ende.

¶Lyke a roryng Lyon, I trampe, stampe, and stare,
Watching full howre, my praye to obtayne:
Aryse Infidelytie, voyde of all care,
Aryse Hypocrisie, thy Father to maintayne:
Aryse Suspicion, and all Ceremonies vayne,
Aryse vp rankle heresies, against God and his Christ,
Aryse my Papistes, and defend the Pope your Priest.

Aryse vp Dunce and Dorbell, and stande to your Sacrament,
And spare for no Logicke, their natures to alienate:
Of Breade into Flesh, I thinke it conuenient,
And Wine into Blod, quicke for to translate:
I might be more finer, with transubstanciate.
But ye knowe my meaning, my owne sweete Boyes,
I speake to you Papistes, to reuiue my ioyes.

¶Peter Lombardus, and Thomas of Aquyne,
Eckius and Anselm, Prelates of some truste:
Aryse I say quickly, with your doctrine Serpentine,
And fyll me the worlde, with your ranke Rebell ruste:
Your Bookes doth remaine, though your bodyes be dust,
Whereby that some seede, in this time may growe,
To the prayse of your father, which full well ye do knowe.

¶Aryse vp Hyldebrond, for nowe is hye tyme,
To poyson the world, by one meanes or other:
Thrust in all helpes, slaunder, lye, and cryme,
Playe as Alphoncius, played by his owne Brother:
Stryke out theyr braines, deare Father or Mother,
As Cayne did Abell, and I will you reward,
With wylde fire and Brimstone, or else it shall goe hard.

Aryse

¶Aryse vp Becket, Drayton to thy king,
Sweate, sweate and sweate, against all those proceedinges:
That rayth, lyght, or life, by any meanes bring,
Resist it betymes, and I will further your speedinges:
And what I can do, to hinder theyr seedinges,
Allure your selues, as Sathan is my name,
An aduerlary I am, and will persecute the same.

¶Aryse vp Dauison, Wolston, and Goodrick,
Aryse vp all ye Sweptons of Rome:
Aryse vp Benedick, Fraunces, and Domynick,
Aryse vp all the Papisticall some:
Out with your Pyxtises, and defend my kingdome:
Your Grayelles, and Antyseners, Legendare and all,
Crosse, Cope, and Candlestick, is else lyke to fall.

¶Bell, booke & candle, with holy Water, & ring out your Bels,
Blinde them with Pardons, disple downe theyr sinnes:
Bleare them with Idols, and many thinges els,
As Dirge, Matteins, and Masse, for Rabbes and for Rinnes:
Some of *Requiem*, some of *Scala celi*, not worth two pinnes,
Put out with them, though I am daiton for that neede,
That all will be to lytle, nowe to do the deede.

¶Stand to it Stapleton, Dorman and Harding,
And Rastall that rakehell, to maintayne my order:
Bonner and Gardener, are worth the regarding,
For keping my Articles, so long in this border:
Oh Story, Story, thou art worthy of Reporder,
Thou medst to it stoutly, against God and king,
And at Tiborne desperatly, gaue me an offering.

¶Frier Forrest, and all his mery mates,
Dyd yeld me the like, with heart and good will:
They puld of their Cowles, and hangd all saue the pates,
In the honour of me, and thought it not yll:
And Sir Thomas More, likewise at Tower hyll,
Lost there his head, for denying the king,
To do his Supremo head, and for no other thing.

What

¶ What should I speake, what feates haue bene wrought,
By Hypocrites and Papistes, my Children naturall:
What Rebellion and sedicion, by them hath bene fought,
Against King and Realme, it is knowen in generall:
Lincolneshyre, and Yorkshyre, were first the originall,
And then came the West partes, with courage lustily,
To defend the Walle, and the grounde of Papistry.

¶ But nowe alas, their cloyning is so spide,
That no way but flye, quite ouer the Sea:
In England but a fewe, in respect I can hide:
The Gospell so bewrayes their obscured knauerie.
But yet some doe scape, by the meane of Hypocrisie,
And beares it out bragge, and little will say,
For fewe wordes is best, they hope for a day.

¶ And those that are fled, out of Countreyes foyle,
Haue friendshippe primelie to their contentation,
And watche for the vauntage, to come to some spoyle,
Greating by Letters, their whole generation,
By subtill cyphering, is their demonstration,
Allaring the rest, to stand to their hope,
That the day is comming to haue againe their Pope.

¶ Well, I will helpe, and reason to you knowe,
To plant in these plaintines, with all that I can:
With all deuise possible, to seeke to ouerthrowe,
All true obedience, and fidelitie from man:
Therefore marke what I say, and marke what I scan,
By Hypocrisie and pollycie, as I sayd before,
I will augment my kingdome, twise as much more.

¶ One thousand yeres, in captiuitie I was,
And so restrayned from my libertie and will:
That nothing to my purpose, I could bring to passe,
Which nowe makes me hungrie, to worke double yll:
Respecting no person, but all I would kill,
By all deuise possible, to infect them with euill,
Loe, this is my practise, being Sathan the deuill.

¶ Wherefore my owne Boyes, ye Papists in generall,
Masculine and Feminine, of eyther kinde and gender,
Worke for your Father, and his kingdome infernall:
That double torments, for your paines I may render:
Blase out my lyes, that they be not slender,
Kingdomes I can giue, beauty and renowne,
To as many as before me, will stoupe and fall downe.

¶ Regard not these Preachers, but slaunder them as thus,
That they be but men, and preach for lucres sake:
Againe, howe they are prowde, and to couetous,
Vicious, lasciuious, and can both marre and make:
Praters and lyers, lubich nothing preach but crake:
And howe that their Wiues are like in their degrees,
Lyke Curtizans of Corinth, for ought that all men sees.

¶ Their Children are by Law, called Illegitymate,
Holde in that Lawe, to proue their Mariage vile:
And seeke by all meanes, their goinges to extinguate,
To bring in contempt, and Gods word to reuile:
Be craftie my Boyes, these Protestants to beguile,
Be Vsurers among them, and doe what ye can,
Against right and reason, to hurt euerie man.

¶ I charge my saide Papists, of wealth and dignitie,
That hath Vicarages, Benefices, or any liuing to bestowe:
To giue it those Priests, which know not A from B,
Nor yet can discerne, the Pope from the Crowe:
They are Curates good inough, they stand but for a showe,
To mumble out the matter, as that which comes next,
Making euery man beleeue, that their eyes is the text.

¶ Then let the learned sort, of the Papistes trade vse crafte,
Powder so their Phrases, with reasons sophisticall:
Alledging auncient custome, and what toye hath beene,
From Fathers vnto Fathers, and Bishops pontificall:
From Councell to Councell, and lawes Canonicall,
To say it must be thus, and that Scripture with the Church,
Though Scripture to the contrary, commaunde that to prowe.

And

¶ And euer kepe in corners, a Psalter of Saint Mary,
A Challice and a Pare, for Masse if nede require:
A Creuisible and a Stone, called Superaltary,
A Ship for your Frankencense, and a Pan for your Fire:
A Saints bell beside, to ring all in the Muire,
That when the blessed Host, shall come ouer his head,
The verie body of Christe, a lye in forme of bread.

¶ As for Vestments and Coapes, excuse them by pretence,
That Cushins and Curtens, of them ye will make:
If ye chaunce to be spied, ye se that the offence,
Is but a hundred Markes, for our God in a Cake:
Ye shalbe borne withall beside, for your frendes sake,
The penaltie is not great, I thinke it not to much,
Because that I doe knowe, my Papistes are to rych.

¶ Externlie be courteous, and cappe to euery Dogge,
Giue openlie to the poore, that all the world may se:
In secrete be as gentle, as any rauening Hogge,
And for loue giue nothing, but all for vaine glorie:
Exclude the Scriptures, and byd them reade the storie
Of Robin hood, and Guye, which was both tall and stout,
And Beuis of Southampton, to seke the matter out.

¶ With these and such lyke, perswade them day by day,
To reade and learne, yea perfectly by hart:
The Scriptures will but breede, great heresies, so say,
And make them to dispayre, in searching euery part:
Byd them followe their vocation, and that is Plough & Cart,
For Tinckers and Coblers, it is nothing conuenient,
To desire to know the waight of Gods commaundement.

¶ Make their burthens heauie, and yours to be but lyght,
As the Pharasies dyd, to whome was cried woe:
And more then this, ye must call the blacke all whight,
And the whyte the blacke, with other lyings moe:
And how that spirites doe walke, if one doe crye but boe,
And that Soules in purgatorie, for pardon still doe crye,
For a thousand dayes and od, and say it is no lye.

¶ For other kinde of Ceremonies, that holy is to name,
As holy Water, holy Bread, holy Fire, holy Oyle:
Holy Beades, holy Candle, holy Smoke, holy Flame,
Holy Ground, holy Church, holy Sanctuary soyle:
Holy Bels, holy Banners, holy Horse, holy Moyle,
These are the common people to induse,
By the reason that long time, hath brought them out of vse.

¶ But if the world chaunge, as you loke that it should,
And as my Magicians, by Arte so doth hope,
Allure your selues Villaines, and thereof be bold,
These Ceremonies shall vp, by the power of the Pope:
Yea, and the Sacrament too, shalbe hanged in a Rope,
Ouer the hye Alter, as it was wont to be,
And honored as God, both with cap and knee.

¶ Munkes, Nunnes and Friers, black, white, and graie,
Chanons, Anckres, and Anckresses, all shall vp againe:
Pilgrimages, and Chappels, standing by the hie waie,
Crosses, single and double, for Saint Iones to be plaine:
Gang dayes, and Procession, with other trifles vaine,
Disspling and Confession, for our sinnes in Lent,
All must vp againe, my Papistes hath so ment.

¶ Practise, prate and Coniure, plate Silvesters part,
Or Hildebrand that hell hound most execrable:
Poison Prince, or King, and consume them by Arte,
As diuers haue bene stirred, by the Romish rable:
Flatter, lye, and cogge, at euerie mans Table,
Hauing blinde Prophecies, and whisper in their eare,
That ere long we shall haue, great chaunge of this geare.

¶ Hang together lyke burres, against these prating Prote-
Charge them to liue ill, and out of all good order: (stants,
Terme them breaders of sects, and painted Pestilians,
And howe they Preache for money, in euerie border:
Bake Scriptures against them, and many a false Recorder,
Bealie them in corners, yet flatter to their face,
Till iust time shall serue, their state to disgrace.

Your

¶Your nature of it selfe, hath practises vnspeakable,
As occasion serueth, so prosecute your mindes:
And I your olde Father, wyll be to you as fauourable,
And worke by all meanes, to further your kindes:
Seeme Angels of lyght, which all the world blindes,
But be verie Wolues, if neede doe so require,
That once againe in time, we may haue our desire.

¶Persecute these Protestants, as long as ye haue breath,
Ye see in securitie, they lull them selues a sleepe:
Fraught with all vnlenesse, and great feares of death,
Tymerous and weake, faynt hearted lyke Sheepe,
Breakers of promise, no touch they wyll keepe,
The Papist is more constant, for all their protestation,
And so giue it out, to euerie Congregation.

¶These and such slaunders, on them ye muste rayse,
As carnall cauillers, to mayntayne their affection:
Lyke flatterers and dissemblers, in these latter dayes,
Not seeing their selues, but all others correction:
Proude puffed Prelates, which standes vpon election,
Precise Hypocrites, rebukers of others workes,
When secretly them selues, are worse then any Turkes.

¶Thus ye muste handle, your clayninges by clouting,
And whisper in corners, this world wyll not last:
In euerie honest thing, make you a doubting,
To turne all good meanings, as a iugling cast:
That thing that's to come, say you it is past,
As the Resurrection, the cheefe hope and ioy:
Like Saduces and Epicures, seeke you it to annoy.

¶I speake to you Papists, which are of some calling,
Setled in security, no Lawe to detect you:
Face out these Protestants, with facing and brazalling,
Calling them beggers, and why should they correct you:
Ye haue Statute against them, if they once suspect you,
Or call you Papists, eyther though Papists ye be:
Suffer no such crime, against your Hypocrisie.

¶Other meanes there is, and marke my practise well,
Linke with them in Marriage, much for your ease sake:
Your Sonnes with their Daughters, for a thing that I smell,
Your Daughters with their Sonnes, the lesse to take:
This contamination copulative, I my selfe will make,
Knowing that the Woman, within a yeere or twaine,
Will turne my new Gospeller, to olde Catholike againe.

¶As Iezabell did Achab, of my owne Deuise,
As the Amonites and Edomytes, caused the wise Salomon,
To commit Idolatrie, and the vile God to worship,
So let your Daughters be the like patron:
And to make them beleeue, there is no God to Mammon,
Drawing their minds, both at bed and at boord,
Cleane from the truely, and to deny the Lord.

¶Also I charge you, to succor helpe and aide,
All obscure Papistes, yea, Traytors in effect:
Blinde Chaplaines in your houses, you neede not be afraide,
The Lawes hath that practise, that none shall you correct.
Let Schoolemaisters like wise, all youthfull wits infect,
And keepe them in their house, your Familie to leade;
To flout, beare, and mocke, those that truely doe preach.

¶And within your Libertie, if any tyrant dwell,
That practes of the Testament, either olde or newe
Remoue me that fellowe, and say he is a rebell,
A Jacke, a bulle boy, of the little docke or crew:
Joyne so your friendship, whatsoeuer then ensew,
That twenty for one, may then be on your side,
Your knaueries to maintaine, and your treasons to hide.

¶And then your abilities, your estate shall auaunce,
Your friendship by Marriage, shall complaint qualifie:
That in twenty miles compasse, without it be a chaunce,
None shall dare say, once against your Papistrie:
Parrie some will thinke that you are Apostate,
Because in times past, ye were great professors,
And nowe are become, euen my owne successors.

And

¶ And I will about to Rome and to Spaine,
And skyre vp your Pope, great part for to take:
With Gallies, with Men, to helpe to maintaine,
His friendes in all partes, for me the Diuels sake:
In euerie Princes Court, some spies I will make,
To see and not see, till time shalbe mete,
Then Letters within Letters, shall trot about the streete.

¶ Bulles, curses, and Pardons, in corners shalbe sold,
And Images of waxe, in dunghyls shalbe found:
Coniuring to consume, the best in euery cold,
To frustrate the truth, and vice for to abound:
And eke the professors, to haue them hanged or drowned,
This is my intent, and to this I set my hand,
Lyke a Diuell incarnate, to poison euery Land.

¶ And specially this England, which clerely hath exilde,
The Pope my owne Boy, and all his supreme power:
As Monkes, Nuns, and Friers, whose liuing hath beguilde,
Euery Christian Realme, if we may ouerpower:
Altering all sweete thinges, to intollerable sower,
These I say are voyde, which now makes me so mad,
That thousandes I will reuenge, if it be to be had.

¶ Respecting no man, for this ye doe knowe,
That Christ I assaulted, and little could preuaile:
Ye was to strong for me, when it came to the prowe,
His power was so great, I began for to quaile:
Ye had me anoide, and I turnd my taile,
But as for the rest, that nowe are here behinde,
Are lesse in the spirite, and more shall knowe my minde.

¶ For I see that all men, giuen to selfloue,
And affection so rulde, nowe in euerie condition:
That easely I may enter, and my practise proue,
In euery Estate, without fears or Commission:
And most I knowe by tyme, are children of perdicion,
Then haue among my owne, giuen me by prouidence,
Reproued by God, for their beastly insolence.

Hardened

¶ Hardened is their hearts, more obstinate then Pharao,
That they cannot repent, so stony is their hearts:
As trayterous as Iudas, as tyrannous as Nero,
As letcherous as Goates, more vile in all partes:
Babylonicall Whores, mates for all Partes,
Lyers, flatterers, defilers of Virginitie,
Breakers of wedlocke, detesters of Diuinitie.

¶ Fraught with vaine glorie, farre beyond measure,
Puffe vp with pride, excelling in Apparell:
Couetous as Diuels, insaciate in Treasure:
As malicious as Mahound, more ready to quarrell,
As dronken as Bacchus, sitting on a Barrell:
As poison as Adders, as gentle as curre Dogges,
As filthy as carion, as ranenous as Dogges.

¶ These are one sort of the Babylonicall kinde,
An other more finer, their praie to allure:
Adulate creepers, in corners farre behinde,
Soothing those thinges, which is lyttell to endure:
Well seene in Palmestrie, and in Physicke sure,
To whisper with the Feminine, of Venus and her ginnes,
Prouing their complexion, not for their Vulcanos sinnes.

¶ In the blinde World, as the Heretikes doe it call,
Then take I moll ease, my mischiefes to practarre:
The Popes Traditions, by force of Lawes canonicall,
Did alwayes light for me, all godlinesse to marre:
I let them burne and hang, and sticke them where they ware,
While I lay at mine ease, in hell with flaming fiers, (ers,
With Popes, Bishops, & Punks, with fat growt head Fri-

¶ And of euerie sort some, I nede not them to name,
Of both kindes and genders, of hye and lowe degree:
Many a mynsling Nunne, and many a noble Dame,
In hell is nowe resident, which dines and suppes with me:
As Semiramis and Cleopatra, which liued all in glorie,
Flora and Lais, gyrles of lucky report,
That since their time, the proudest may come short.

What

¶ What shall I speake of Nemroth, building so hie,
That God he moude to wrath, by his great ambition:
A Towre for to reare: he meant to touch the Skie,
The wonder of the world, a large and great commission:
What should I speake of Pharao, the lyke proued conditions,
Which through the red Seas, his power so would leade,
Iust be spight of God, which all doth excede.

¶ Holopherne and Herod, had like aspiring mindes,
And diuers other, which in Stories I haue read:
The Diuell is not ignorant, of his owne proper kindes,
Which God threw downe, and made their goings dead:
Innumerable there haue bene, as afore I sayd,
Which in working mischiefe, in this world did excell,
That nowe take reward, with me the Diuell of hell.

¶ Wherefore my owne Boyes, my councell nowe obserue,
And my practises also put in execution:
And rich I can make you, if that your turne will serue,
By giuing you liberty, by my institution:
To oppresse, to extort, without restitution,
To powle, pill, and pinch, by force power and might,
By bolte, crooke, and councell, be doing day and night.

¶ Let all things be common, goods, maydes, and wife,
Take time while time is, there is no resurrection:
Be not beastly reuarde, but styrre vp all strife,
To Princes and Rulers, be in no subiection:
A figge for the Lawes, passe for no correction,
Styrre vp sedition, rebellion and filthy lyes,
And swagger out lyke tyrannts, for God he hath no eyes.

¶ Search about for sectes, of all sortes and kindes,
Maintayne your affections, make Scriptures but a cloke:
Let that be your Religion, that best please your mindes,
Stand vpon selfe will, and by craft seeke to choke
Simple honest mens argument they prouoke,
And say they haue no skill, truth to vnderstand,
But if they will receyue, let them take at your hand.

¶ Lose no kinde of cauoite, in your spirituall function,
Say that you be called, as plainly both appeare:
Binde the people whole to some olde Iniunction,
That hath not bene in print, this forty, or fifty yeare:
Tell them you are Lordes, ouer Towne and Sheare,
Striue with them for tythes, to keepe them in good awe,
To keepe their heads occupied, in following of your Lawe.

¶ And then may you the whyles, preach and teach your fill,
And call them raskall rebelles, which no other will keepe:
Forbid them Communion, seeke their soules to kill,
Lyke a raging Wolfe among the simple Sheepe:
And when the powre doth erie, be you fall a sleepe,
Yet speake you to the parish, their charitie to extend,
But take you all, giue nothing, to neyther foe nor friend.

¶ And where you are constrained, to preach once a quarter,
Or else to hyre one fowre times in the yeere:
Preach me such stuffe, as includes no great matter,
As workes for to fulfille, when faith is nothing neere:
All out of Apocrypha, let your wordes appeare,
Or els by vaine fables, as Ouid or Horace,
To beautifie your sentence, lyke a glorious Asse.

¶ Speake not with Christ, nor with his holy passion,
Nor yet with faith, neyther say it is vndiscernable:
Come not neere Election, nor Gods predestination,
It is no meate for seruers, to be talk'd at their table:
And howe the new Testament, is all inscrutable.
Put them in a feare to driue them from the loue,
For running into errors, your argument to proue.

¶ And some of you be gentle, and fuddill as the Fore,
Holde in with the rychell, and ducke at euery worde:
That if the time should chaunge, and God againe in bore,
Ye were an honest man, and thereof take recorde:
Play on both handes, for that will best accorde,
To preuent the times, howsoeuer they fall out,
And you to haue the place, of that you goe about,

Harry

¶ Marry not in any wise, for that is greatest charge,
But borrowe of your neyghbours, as I will you assigne:
And against those that doe marry, speake somewhat large,
Their children to be bastardes, and brede vnlawfull lyne:
Their Wiues to be Peacockes, or Mistresse new diuine,
Theis termes ye must haue, Vertue to disgrace,
Whyle you lyke vsurpers, may crepe into their place.

¶ Suffer all slaunder, against God and his trueth,
And prayse the olde fashion, in king Arthurs dayes:
Of Abbaies, of Monasteries, howe it is great rueth,
To haue them pluckt downe, and so the eldest sayes:
And howe it was merrie, when Robin hods playes,
Was in euerie Towne, the Morrice and the sole,
The May poll, & the Drum, to bring the Calfe from schole.

¶ With Megge, Madge, and Marian, about the poll to daunce,
And Stephen that tall Cripling, to leade Volans dale:
With roging Gangwecke, a goodly remembraunce,
With Banners all a flaunt, with Cakes, Cheese, and Ale:
With beades in euery hand, our Prayers stode by tale,
This was a merie world, talke among your meany,
And then of good Egges, ye might haue twenty for a penny.

¶ With this and such paultrie, when ye see time and place,
And the people apte, this way to be lead:
Step in for a vauntage, and exclude Gods grace,
Let the blinde leade the blinde, this text I haue read:
For in keeping them blinde, without cleere discerning,
Ye make them subiect, and reserue your owne learning,

¶ Ye see and you knowe, that all is not cleare,
Because that some profite on them doth depend:
As Aduent, Lent, and rynging all the whole yeare,
Organs and singing, I knowe not to what end:
Images in Glasse windowes, and none will it amend,
Crisome cloath and offeringes, still they doe stand,
Because they bring profite, my Boyes to this Land.

¶ Bishoprickes and Benefices, my owne Childe the Pope,
Enlarged vnto thousands, and still they doe stande:
And made them Lord Bishops, because they should not slope,
Where Christe had no sea, nor money in his hande:
When Cæsar should haue custome, in Scripture it is stande,
Peter went a fishing, money in fishe to finde,
To pay the full duetie, as Christ had him assignde.

¶ But goe you a stealthing, ye haue no such power,
But yet gather money, for that will helpe at neede:
Ye see and ye knowe, at this present hower,
That all the packes of Prelates, are couetous in deede:
For some of them I knowe, so much in wealth exceede,
That Vsurers they be, and yet doe serue the cure,
These be olde Boyes, to make their liuing sure.

¶ Come matters beside, and learne to buie and sell,
Thus ye must blase them, and perchaunce say true:
But whether it be or no, I the Diuell of hell,
Doe teach you to practise, their names to subdue:
Be busie among them, both with olde and newe,
And you shall haue my blessing, for all your lewd workes,
Among all Reprobates, Infidels and Turkes.

¶ Out vpon Luther, Wycklefe, and Zwynglius,
For they wrought my spoyle, by their predycation:
Out vpon Caluyne, and Oecolampadius,
Out vpon Tyndale, and all his generation:
Out vpon Bale for by his demonstration,
The whole Realme of England, receyued such light,
That world without ende, I beare them all spight.

¶ Ye out of all Protestants, all Papists nowe crie,
And specially those that set out large Bookes:
As the Byble and Testament, or the holy Euangelie,
A pockes lyght vpon them, that on them oft lookes:
They haue caught my sonne, the Pope in such hookes,
That in England nowe he is little regarded,
But as by Antichrist, is often rewarded.

Bale

¶Bale with his Pageant of Popes, hath set them so out, 1521.
Their whole liues and trades, and all their conditions:
The Image of Iniquitie, hath rypt euery dout,
What the Pope is known, the father of Superstitions:
Caluyne againe, with his Booke of Institutions,
Hath so vnabled the Popes cannon lawes,
That all that is Romish, is not worth two strawes.

Yea and diuers others, against him haue written,
As Foxe in his Booke, that Monuments he calles:
Which the Popes guttes out of his belly hath bitten,
By arguments strong, hath throwne the Popes hralles:
But by fire and faggot, I sought all their falles,
And will do still, my malice to satisfie,
Against these Heretikes, which doe vexe me daylie.

Farewell my Babes, and newe borne Apostates,
Farewell my Papistes, and whoremonger villaines:
Farewell all Epicures, and all dronken balde pates,
Farewell my Chaplaines, most filthy fountaines:
Farewell my dissembling knaues, that heaps like mountains
Farewell my Hypocrites, fraught with adulation,
For I must to hell, to prepare your damnation.

FINIS.

Laurence Ramsey.

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